

PAEAN-ORISON-LITANY OF THE GREEN LION

PAEAN-ORISON-LITANY OF THE GREEN LION

A ceremonial invocation of DIONYSUS-AKEPHALOS, suitable for the conjuring and sustenance of energetic impulses mad, fervent, and intoxicated, selection without restraint and the single-minded lust of creative will.

by dysnomia strophalos with plunderings from d.a. levy's North American Book of the Dead anti-copyright autumn 2022 reproduce freely

printed and assembled by TEMPLE SOPHIA ELEUTHERIA ELEUTHERIA THE HOLY "SEE" OAKLAND, CA

TOOLS:

bell, bowl, or other piece of resonant metal three taper candles: red, black, green pine cone small quantity of the magician's fresh sexual fluid

THE OPENING

Let the magician position themselves facing the altar, oriented in whichever direction seems most appropriate to direct their ritual energies into (North/Earth if concerning material constraints or earthly responsibilities, South/Fire if concerning waning creative energies or lack of inspiration, East/Air if concerning mental focus and translation of impulse into forms, West/Water if concerning lack of passion or interference from moods or emotions.

First, strike the battery 1-3-3-1. Then light the red candle and chant the enn to LUCIFER:

REINICH TASA UBER AKA BE ASA IKAR LUCIFER

Continue chanting and accelerating until enn becomes a blur of verbalization. Then light the black candle and chant the enn to SAMAEL:

ALORA SAMAEL AKEN TASA

Repeat five times. Then light the green candle, consecrated to DIONYSOS-AKEPHALOS. As it burns, close your eyes and visualize André Masson's image of the Acéphale. See the light from the flame of the sacred heart glimmering off the steel of the blade. Bathe in the shimmer of the twin stars upon its breast. Hear the roaring silence of the skull upon its sex. Then project yourself into the labyrinth in its belly, feeling yourself spiraling deeper and deeper. When all has become blackness, open your eyes and sing:

THE PAEAN

I bring ye wine from above, From the vats of the storied sun; For every one of yer love, And life for every one. Ye shall dance on hill and level; Ye shall sing in hollow and height In the festal mystical revel, The rapturous Bacchanal rite! The rocks and trees are yours, And the waters under the hill, By the might of that which endures, The holy heaven of will! I kindle a flame like a torrent To rush from star to star; Your hair as a comet's horrent, Ye shall see things as they are! I lift the mask of matter; I open the heart of man; For I am of force to shatter The cast that hideth - Pan! Your loves shall lap up slaughter, And dabbled with roses of blood Each desperate darling daughter Shall swim in the fervid flood. I bring ye laughter and tears, The kisses that foam and bleed, The joys of a million years, The flowers that bear no seed. My life is bitter and sterile, Its flame is a wandering star. Ye shall pass in pleasure and peril Across the mystic bar That is set for wrath and weeping Against the children of earth; But ye in singing and sleeping Shall pass in measure and mirth! I lift my wand and wave you Through hill to hill of delight: My rosy rivers lave you In innermost lustral light. I lead you, lord of the maze, In the darkness free of the sun; In spite of the spite that is day's We are wed, we are wild, we are one.

THE ORISON

Let the magician annoint the pine cone with their sexual fluid, then fall to their knees, holding it aloft. Recite the following prayer, tailoring it to reflect your specific intentions and desires in this working:

Oh mighty Lord DIONYSUS, pour me wine from yr star-piercing vats that I might partake & be pierced by the fulgurous lightning of yr mysteries.

Fill me with the sap of yr mysteries & cleave me with yr flaming breath as yr Thyrsus cleaves the head of the wiseman to render him sovereign. Strike down the body separating life & spirit with yr mighty Thyrsus. Gather me into yr whirling entourage, that I might whirl loose as the breeze breaking against rock piercing sky, breaking. Dash my machine-eye on the rock & drown me in tides high under skies of the milk sea.

Make my feet swift as the thief in the night, that I might plunder this world of forms.

Make my eye sharp as the vintner at harvest, that I might select without hesitation or misgiving.

Make my hand unsteady and my mind lush as the drunkard, that I might overflow with meaning roaring out of CHAOS.

Make my desire unbridled as the SCARLET WOMAN riding upon the bare back of LION-SERPENT lust

Make my will daring and porous as the derelict street angel, spilling streams of luster, blown sewer-spray of psychic perfume amidst the armored headsmen.

Make my wreckage brazen as the deluge of the four rivers who hear without hearing the sound of the four rivers.

Make me the INSTANT POET, who strives for nothing and reaps everything. Make me conscious of MY forms, that I might bathe in the mists of the sacred lake hidden in the mind.

Pour me yr wine, mighty DIONYSUS and make me conscious of MY forms, for MY form is that of the liberated. The child of the aeon.

Rising to your feet, recite the following litany:

LITANY OF THE GREEN LION

:the mist of the sacred lake is hidden in the mind. the steam of the sacred lake is like the hot breath of a backed-up sewer when seen by the lion unconscious of his forms.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion of the penetrating eye the lion of the thunder-ear & the lion whose eye opens minds like the Eye of RA.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS his form is the lion without forms, the lion who moves thru the fires like a shoplifter in a dimestore.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS in the form of a lion, the lion who does not hear the song of the street angels.

HAIL, the laser of DIONYSUS & his lions who rape the sky like eagles & pass thru the diaphragm of the sun.

HAIL, the lion of the winter room, the freezer of the underworld, the lion of the skull-ear & the lion who walks with the four rivers flowing / after-death HAIL, the lion who hears without hearing the sound of the four rivers.

on rue Nada, the children of DIONYSUS hammer ikons with photon flowers while the wind is loose & the windows overlook the eon-sea.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion with second sight, the lion who stands in the doorway of tomorrow, the lion of precognition who see s nothing.

HAIL, the lion who reads Dubble Bubble fortunes & newspaper horoscopes with discrimination.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion of the mirror room the lion of the mat-ear & the lion who watches from her lair on the rim of the eon-sea.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion with the wind body, the lion who moves freely & the lion of the inner-ear.

:in the burial grounds, the crematorium of the meatcarriers/the wind signs whisper, "drop yr bodies here, move there, move here, etc" and those with the innerear travel thru the flaming trees.PROTECTED.the lion who stares in the black doorways of the crematorium:

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion who travels on Spansule Ave. His form is that of the INSTANT prophet.

HAIL, the lion of the heart-boat, the lion of the ash-ear & the lion who burns with the star-ring of the heart on the rim of the eon-sea.

HAIL, the lion who burns at the crossing, his form is that of the reborn.

HAIL, the lion who is conscious of his forms, her form is that of the liberated.

HAIL, the lion who does not cross the rivers, his form is that of the children of DIONYSUS; his form is that of the watcher, the bodhisattva, the lion who travels the timeless void in the boat of compassion.

:the stars illuminate a micro-hunt in the sky tomb & listen with the low-ear/the wind is loose over the four rivers:

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion of the lotus, her form is that of the horseman, the soldier whose sword cuts the eon-sea/.

HAIL, the lion approaching the lotus, his form is that of

the student waiting, the soldier training, his form is that of the sun waking.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion of the lotus, the lion who watches himself in the form of the lotus, his form is that of the expectant abortion with a saber of light.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion of the brain chandelier, her form is that of the rainbow that divides the sky with laughter, her form is that of the swordsman who cuts thru illusions & rides the Boat of the Brain-wayes.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion who sits at the foot of knowledge, the lion who sings to the street angels, & the lion whose sound carries her over the four rivers.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion who sits at the foot of knowledge, his form is that of the scribe of DIONYSUS, his FORMS liberate the wise & strangle the ignorant. HAIL, the lion who uses words in the form of the sun, her inscriptions blind the ignorant & set free the wise from the torture chambers of the underworld, HAIL the lion whose songs are sung in the mind & whose abstractions are penetrated.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion who walks in the steps of the skull & disperses herself in a shower of light, his form is that of the liberated.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion who walks the steps of the skull & pierces the suns & moons of the skull, her form is that of the liberated.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion who walks the steps of the skull, his form is that of the child returning

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion who changes her form at will, her form is that of the liberated.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the green lion, her form is that of the nauseated poet

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the poet removing psychic band-aids from his Eye, his form is that of the green lion.

HAIL the green lion who sits quietly, her form is that of the poet-balloon filled with helium.

HAIL the poet who walks up his words, her form is that of the green lion blinking in bewilderment, her form is that of the blind-man who sees

HAIL, AKEPHALOS in the form of the green lion, his mind is like that of the madman who is immune to externally induced shock-therapy, she walks the streets of the everyday world curious watching.

:the lion who lies on her back like an overturned scarab shouting, "turn me over" his form is that of a buddha looking for his reflection on the back of a mirror:

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion who turns herself off, his form is that of the eternal pall bearer for the living, his form is that of the overturned scarab screaming, "step on me."

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion who turns herself on, his form is that of the teacher throwing matches over his shoulder as he moves toward the light.

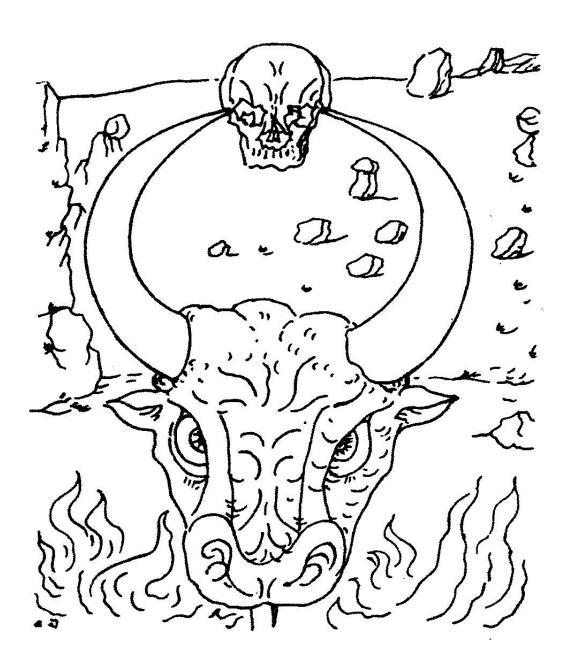
HAIL, AKEPHALOS the green lion who turns himself on, his form is that of the poet who sets himself on fire, in an attempt to bring light into the underworld.

HAIL, AKEPHALOS the lion who turns herself on, her form is that of the child of the aeon.

Amen, Mangalam, & Sun-Grope

Strike the battery 1-3-3-1. Extinguish the candles with breath. Go forth in delirium, ever lacerated.

do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law



love is the law, love under will